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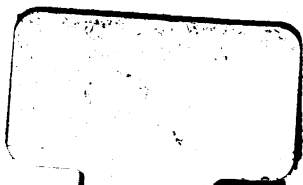
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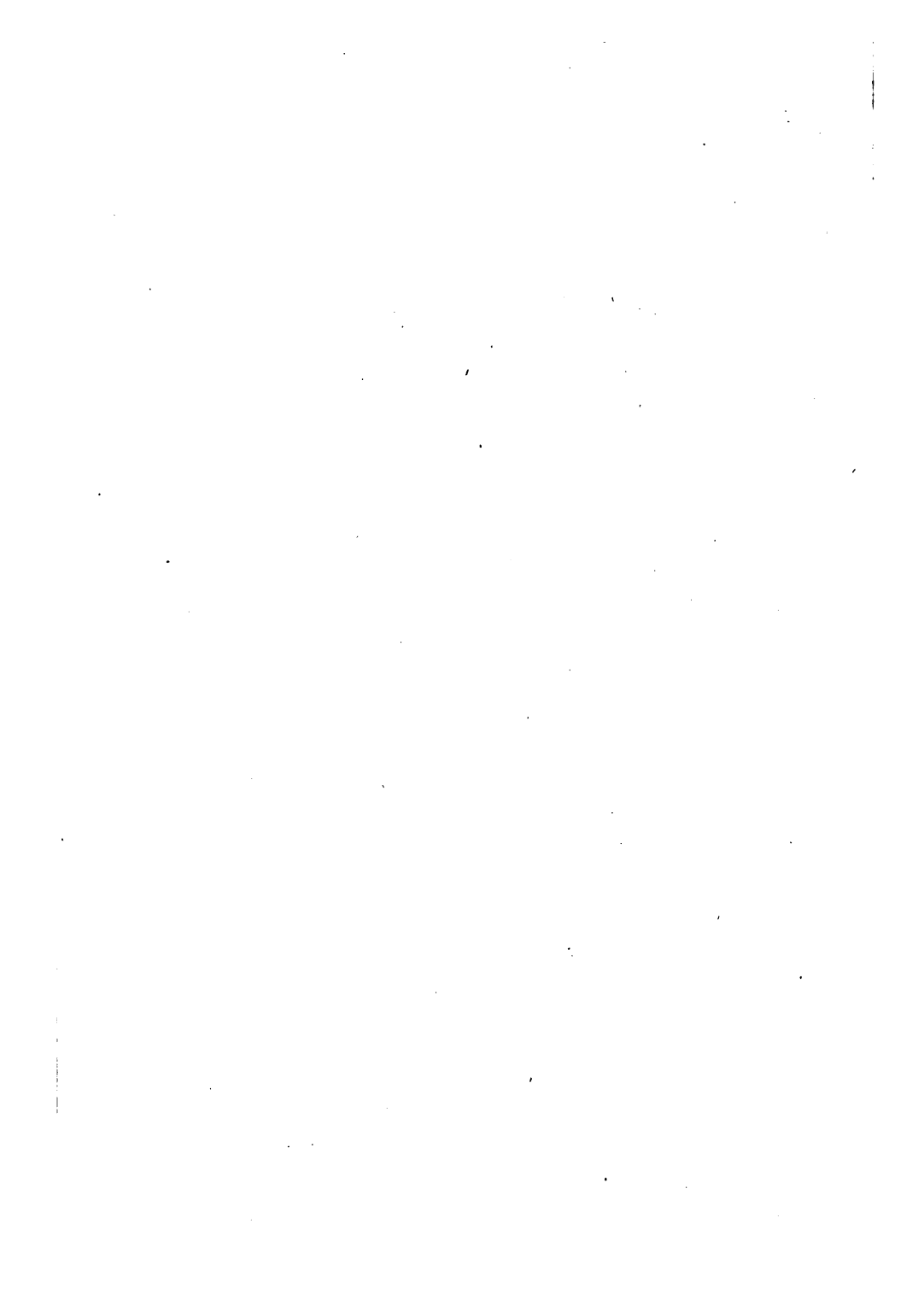
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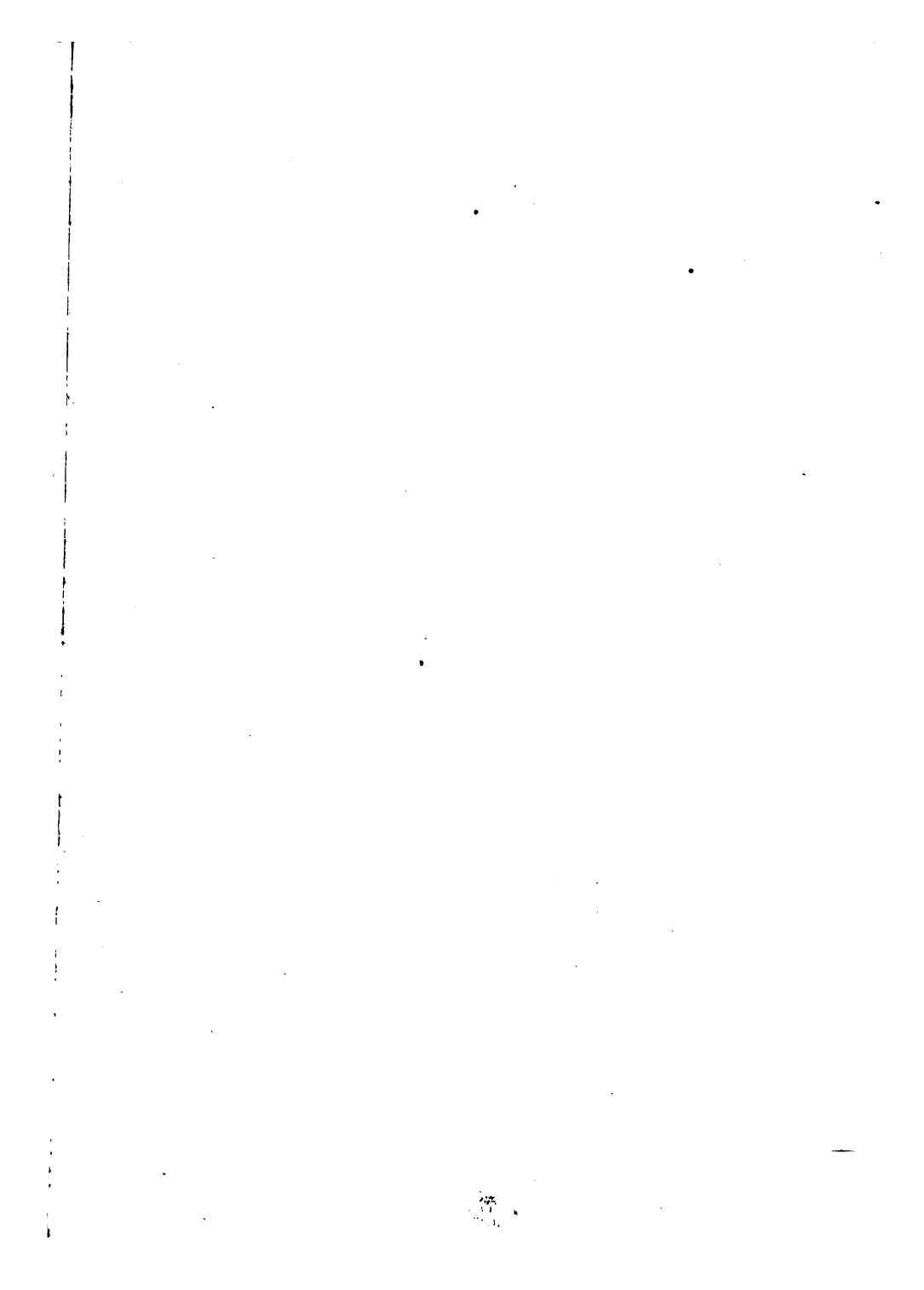
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1. Juvenile Literature, American.
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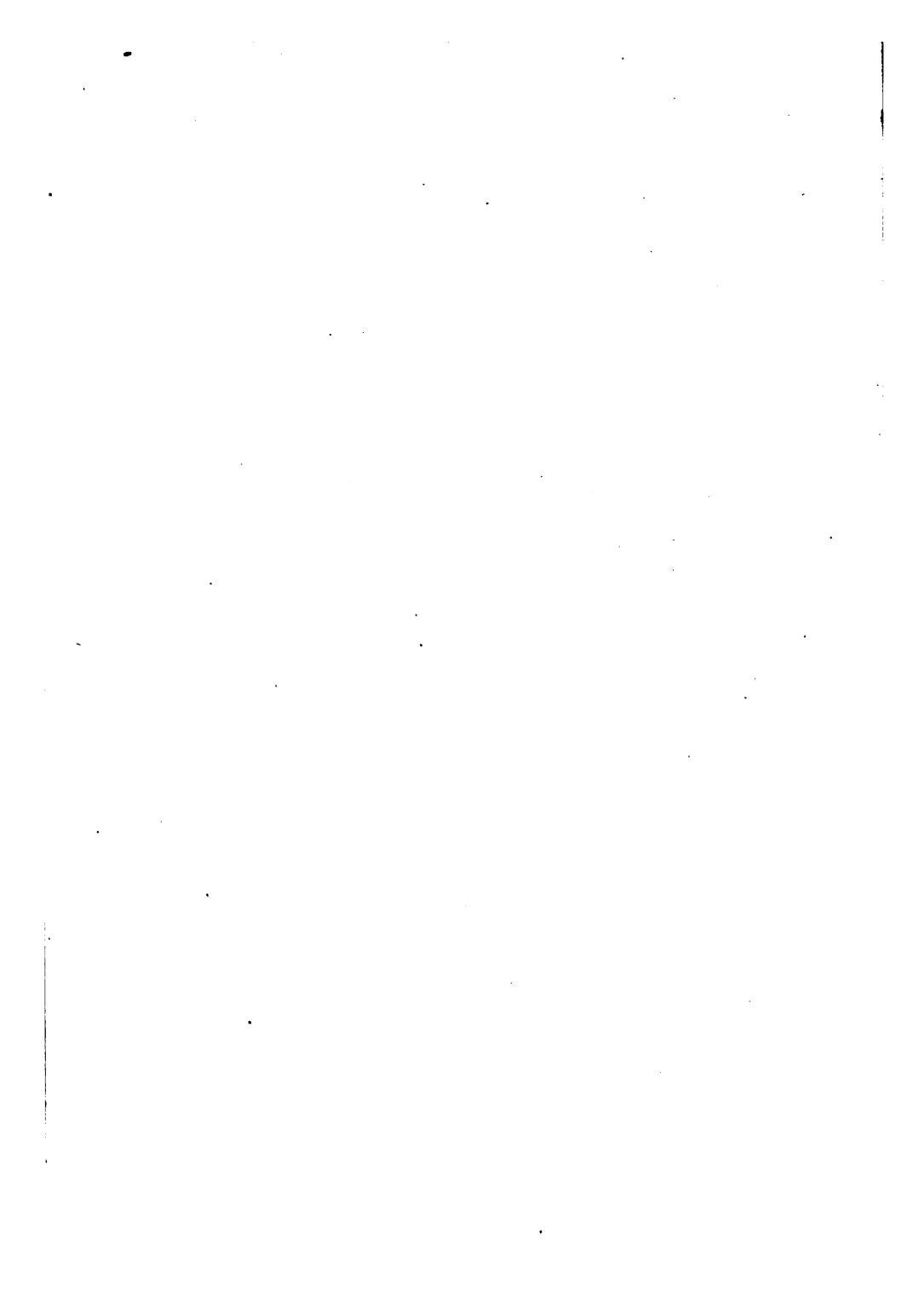




Toots and Other Stories

To Home Loving Boys and Girls
In Happy Memory of
My Father and Mother

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Toots and Other Stories

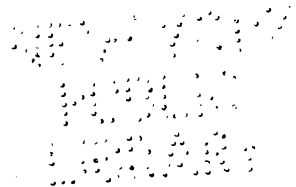


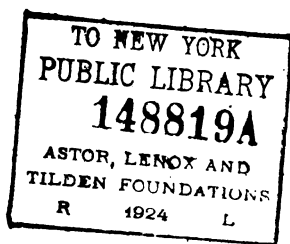
OLD FASHIONED STORIES
AND JINGLES FOR NEW FASHIONED
LITTLE FOLK



3

By
ANNA ADAMS GORDON





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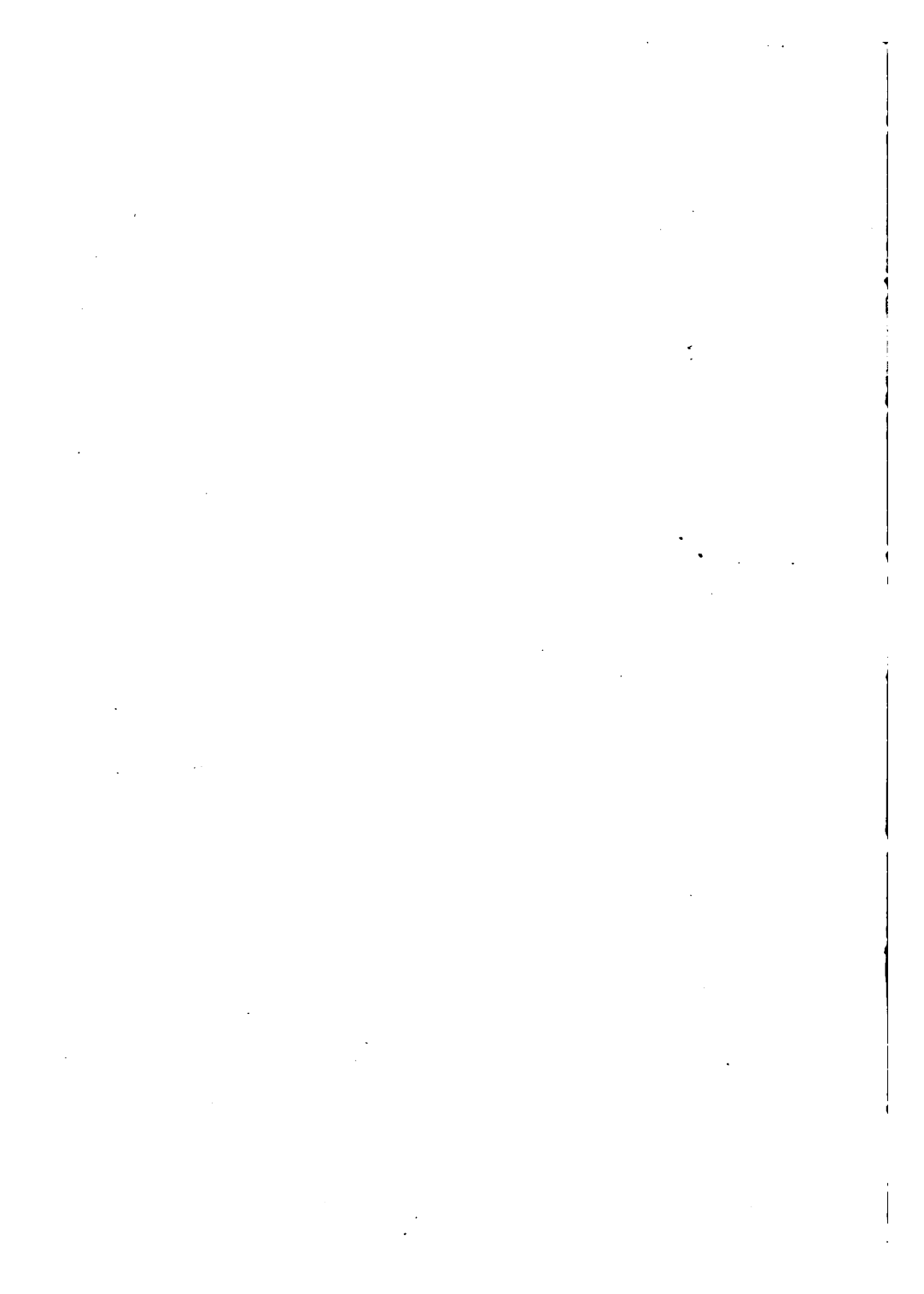
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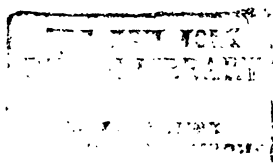
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TOOTS





TOOTS



TOOTS

"Toots" was a really remarkable cat.

His mother was born in far away Asia, and when this pure white Angora cat came to Rest Cottage a baby kitten of seven weeks, he looked just like a ball of cotton batting with big, bright eyes.

He was devotedly fond of us all and sang for us the most beautiful kitty songs, and while he did not enjoy petting, as most cats do, he had his own way of showing affection, having a most social disposition and loving to get as near to his friends as possible.

We were all very busy at Rest Cottage and Toots seemed to understand that we could not pay him much attention; but he would curl himself down contentedly on our writing tables, or in a scrap basket, or in a desk drawer—should it chance to be open—occasionally giving us a glance of interest and sympathy, as much as to say, "How are you getting along now?"

He dearly loved a frolic, and his favorite fun was playing hide-and-seek, which he en-

tered into with wonderful zest, finding it extremely hard to wait for the signal which allowed him to begin the hunt.

His fondness for flowers was perhaps his



LITTLE CHINCHILLA, WHO WROTE TO TOOTS
FROM LONDON

most interesting trait, and the rich fragrance of violets, roses, or carnations proved so strong a temptation to him that it never was safe to leave any of these beauties within his reach. One evening when a bowl of fresh carnations had been placed upon the parlor table, "Mr. Toots," as our Eda called him, walked in and immediately detected the exquisite perfume. Springing upon the table, he selected the choicest flowers from the bouquet—a cluster

of three pinks on one stem—and drawing them carefully from the vase, he carried them in triumph to the floor.

I gently chided him for such selfishness, tell-



TOMMY NORCROSS SEWALL, A FRIEND OF TOOTS

ing him that he should not have selected the largest and prettiest posies of all, then taking them from him, I replaced them in the bowl. In an instant he was on the table again, and with a naughty toss of his head he jumped to the floor with the same flowers in his mouth.

A second time I took them from him, and his eager eyes watched me as I again replaced them. To make good his loss, however, I gave him a single short-stemmed flower, with which I felt he ought to be contented.

Taking the pink in his paws, the graceful creature played with it a few minutes, when suddenly, with a quick glance at me, he again sprang upon the table, with the solitary posy in his mouth, and dropping the flower back into the vase, he seized the coveted trio of blossoms with a defiant air that seemed to say, "There, you may have that poor little pink if you want it, but it isn't my choice, by any means!"

His daily rambles were taken on the roof of Rest Cottage. There he would sit by the hour, watching the passers-by or looking longingly at the doves, whose cozy "cote" was not far away.

Toots always was considered one of the family and was so well-behaved a feline that once in awhile he was allowed to have his own chair at the table, where he sat most demurely, evidently appreciating the high honor which so often is denied to juvenile members of a household.

Handsome Toots! His keen intelligence, his beauty, and his bright ways won for him a host of friends, and he was a much loved pet of Frances E. Willard.

PUSSY WILLOWS
AND PURE WORDS

PUSSY WILLOWS AND PURE WORDS

CARL STANWOOD, "a jolly little kid," as he calls himself, lives in Clearwater, a pretty suburb of one of New England's large cities. He is a strong temperance boy and belongs to the Clearwater Loyal Temperance Legion.

Carl found the first pussy willow buds one spring while snow was still many inches deep. He carried them to his Aunt Hannah, who loves sunshine and flowers and children, especially Carl Stanwood.

While Aunt Hannah was arranging the slender willow twigs in a vase, she asked Carl where they grew, and if he alone gathered them all.

"No, Aunt Hannah," he said, "Guy Martin was with me but I am awful sorry I did not pick every one of them myself."

Carl's face and tone were very earnest, and soon he added in a quiet, serious voice, "I'll tell you, Aunt Hannah, Guy swears—and while he was helping me get those pretty pussy willows to

bring to you he said naughty words. I just wish he hadn't touched one of them. The other day he said he would tell me a secret if I wouldn't let anybody know it, and I said 'only just my father and mother. If I can't tell them I don't want to know it.' Then he wouldn't tell me what it was, and, of course, it must have been something bad, and I am glad I didn't hear about it."

That evening Aunt Hannah wore a spray of Carl's pussy willows, and she gave him a cluster of white flowers, because they were "white and pure, like good words, good thoughts, and good deeds."

PUSSY WILLOWS

Pussy, pussy, pussy willows,
In your suits of gray,
Where were you when I was calling
Just the other day?



You are little willow pussies—
Mother told me so.
Don't you get a little tired
Sitting in a row?

Funny little pussy willows,
How I wish I knew
If you're really truly pussies,
Say, why don't you mew?

I can't find your eyes or noses,
Do you ever purr?
Will you let me stroke you gently
On your fuzzy fur?

Downy little baby pussies,
Tell me how you grew;
Were you cold and hungry, pussies,
When the north wind blew?

Guess you sent away old winter,
Pussy willows gay—
Brought the blue birds and the sunshine;
Did you, pussies? Say?

Yes, I love you, pussy willows,
Love you every one,
In your cunning little cradles
Swinging in the sun.

A TEETOTAL CAPTAIN

A TEETOTAL CAPTAIN

I ONCE met a splendid sea captain. He commanded a large steamer that crosses the ocean many times each year. I was on his steamer with Frances E. Willard, and we were going to England. The first day of the voyage, when the big gong rang for dinner, word came to Miss Willard that we were to sit at the captain's table during the trip.

As we went down to the long, elegant dining-room, we talked about this captain, and Miss Willard said she hoped he was a friendly man and a temperance man. When we reached the captain's table we saw a tall, fine-looking person standing at its head—a man with a strong, kind face, an ideal commander of a great ship. He was waiting for Miss Willard to come, for he said at once with a genial smile, as he put out his hand to take hers, "I am very glad to see you, Miss Willard. For many years I have wanted to meet you. This will be a voyage I shall always remember with pleasure, for you are to do me an honor by sitting at my table."

Miss Willard told me afterwards how surprised and delighted she was at this greeting. Ship-commanders are not always pleased to have the company of temperance people, for many of them think they cannot get along without strong drink at their meals.

We had been seated only a few minutes when a gentleman opposite us ordered wine and urged the captain to drink with him, saying, "Will not your friends, these ladies, allow me to order glasses for them also?"

"Oh, thank you," said the captain, "but you do not know that this is Miss Frances Willard, President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and I, too, am a teetotaler."

After dinner the captain went up on deck with us and invited us to come into his cozy cabin parlor. Seated there, Miss Willard asked him if he were willing to let us know how he came to be a temperance man.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I should be delighted to tell you about it, for I owe it all to my mother, that although I have been through the temptations of a seafaring life since my boyhood, I do not know the taste of alcoholic drink or tobacco.



“A HOME ON THE ROLLING DEEP”



"I was born in the state of Maine. My father was lost at sea when I was a little fellow. I, too, loved the sea and determined some day to command a ship. Mother tried hard to make me like some other business better, but it seemed born in me to love

'A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep.'

Then my mother said I should go with her blessing, and she told me of the many temptations I must be ready to meet and to resist. She talked much to me about temperance, and I signed the total abstinence pledge in her Bible. Mother taught me many temperance recitations. Some of these I spoke in public at temperance meetings, and the one I liked best of all was about two ships, the 'Social Glass' and 'Temperance.' These two ships sailed out of the harbor together, both looking gay and fair, with their flags flying and their white sails shining in the sun, but the 'Social Glass' was wrecked and never returned to port, while the Teetotal ship made many successful voyages."

As the captain talked about his boyhood days, his clear blue eyes grew very bright, and he

said to Miss Willard, "I wonder if you would like to hear that old recitation about the ships? Why, many a time when I am on the bridge of this ship alone late at night I walk back and forth and recite 'The Two Ships' and think of my mother. Sometimes I say out loud, 'Sleep on, all you passengers down there in your cabins: every faculty I possess is given to your care; all the brain I have is at your service; no drop of strong drink shall ever pass my lips to fuddle the brain that must be kept perfectly clear if I am to guide this great ship aright.'"

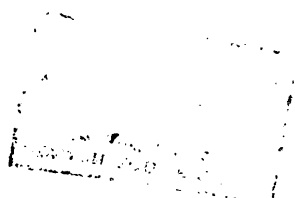
Here he stopped in his enthusiastic talk, and, standing by his writing desk, this tall six-footer of a captain recited, to our great enjoyment, the story of "The Two Ships," in the simple rhyme taught to him by his mother thirty years before.

Boys and girls can help to make everybody believe that all the twenty thousand steamers and ships of every kind that go back and forth on the millions of miles of water ought to be commanded by teetotal men like this good captain and that no strong drink should ever be served to the brave sailor laddies who spend their lives at sea.



A POPCORN SONG

Hor little popper
Pop little hopper,
What are you trying to do?
I'm hopping the popper
And popping the hopper
To pop out some popcorn for you.



THE POPCORN SOCIETY

THE POPCORN SOCIETY

LITTLE NANCY NODROG was one of seven Nodrog girls and boys who lived many years ago in a great big house in Reddale, Massachusetts, not far from Boston. Nancy came in the middle of the family: Alicia, Bab, and Lizbeth were older, Harry, Fritz and Arthur, younger than Nancy, and she always said she was the youngest girl and the oldest boy in the family.

Late one winter afternoon when Jack Frost was so frisky that Nancy was afraid her little nose would get frozen if she stayed out of doors to make snowballs, she and her next older sister, Lizbeth, were sitting with their father by the open grate fire in the big sitting-room.

"Children," said their father, "I have been thinking it would be nice to organize a Popcorn Society. Mother and I will be captains. We will pop corn at all our meetings and hold them here around the sitting-room hearth. Minnie and Mary and little Anna and Ellen Goodwin over the way must belong. Children who are members of the Popcorn Society ought to be

very good. We can learn a great many things at our meetings and tell one another interesting stories. You may all pop questions at the captains, and we shall ask you questions to which you can bring the answers at the next meeting."

"We hope there will be no cross children in the Popcorn Society," chimed in Nancy's mother.

"No, indeed," said her father; "we shall just pop 'em out the first thing."

Nancy was perfectly delighted that at last she was to belong to a "really truly" society, and she could hardly wait patiently for the first meeting. Fortunately, it came the very next night.

A coal fire on the hearth, with an even, rosy glow, was made ready for the corn poppers, or popcorners, as some of the children called them, and the pretty yellow corn was soon shelled off the shining ears. The Goodwins came, also Polly Haskell, another neighbor, whose father was a sea captain, and who could tell wonderful stories of her father's adventures.

The children took turns popping corn. Nancy's arm got tired shaking the long-handled

popper, but as soon as the tiny kernels began to blossom out, looking so alive jumping about in their little wire cage, she forgot her tired



THE THREE LITTLE NODROG BOYS

arm and laughed so hard that the captains told her she must be careful or the corn would get scorched while she stopped to laugh.

"What does the corn look like when it has broken through its hard shell and has come out in its dainty white dress?" asked the mother-captain.

"I think it looks like a blossom on the old pear tree," shyly ventured thoughtful Lizbeth.

"Don't you think it looks more like little snowballs?" asked Polly.

"Snowballs!" quickly exclaimed practical Mary Goodwin; "I guess you could not cook snowballs."

"It looks like something to eat, anyway," said Nancy's brother Harry; and as the big white dish was then full of the feathery corn, it was decided to change the order of exercises. A little butter and salt were added to the fluffy corn flakes, white as snow and pretty as pear-tree blossoms, and the feast began.

"Where in the world is Quiltam Qualter?" asked Nancy, who dearly loved cats. "Of course she must belong to the Popcorn Society."

Opening the sitting-room door, Nancy found the old gray cat patiently waiting outside for an invitation.

"You dear old thing!" gushed Nancy. "Why did we forget you? She can belong, can't she,

father?" So puss walked in and took a seat in the chimney corner, sniffing at the fragrant corn.

"Quiltam Qualter," said Nancy's father, stroking the old cat, "you are hereby made a member of the Reddale Popcorn Society. Now stand up on your hind legs and say 'How-do-you-do?' to the children."

Mr. Nodrog held up a kernel of corn as he spoke, and old Quiltam Qualter rose at once like a kangaroo, much to the enjoyment of the little folk.

Dear me! how those children did chatter as they ate their corn, asking the captains hundreds of puzzling questions and telling and listening to many interesting stories!

Alicia Nodrog, who had just come home from college for her vacation, played jolly games with the children. Little curly-headed Fritz fell down while they were having a great frolic, and Mr. Nodrog had to put some of his famous "Bumbazilicum" on the black-and-blue bump. It always had taken a great deal of this famous make-believe remedy and many of mother's kisses to cure the bumps and bruises, the cuts

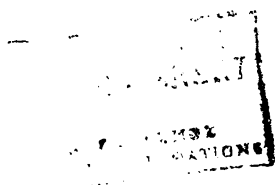
and scratches of the seven little Nodrogs, but the supply never had given out.

The Popcorn Society met once a week all that winter and the next, and the children belonging to it learned a great many lessons that helped them through life. They were taught to be pure in thought and word and deed, to be kind and gentle and helpful to all about them, including birds and animals, and to be cold-water children always.

Nancy Nodrog now belongs to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and to a great many other societies, but it always makes her happy to think about the Popcorn Society to which she belonged when she was a little girl.



BIG BROWNIE



BRUIN'S LOSS

BIG BROWNIE, the bear, down the long village
street

Came puffing and panting on four tired feet.
She stopped at the fountain to take a cool drink,
Looked up at the sun with many a blink,
Then grunting and growling, still faster she
ran—

For Brownie had lost her old hand-organ man!

THE INDIANS AND THE
MILK PAILS

THE INDIANS AND THE MILK PAILS

ELIZABETH HAWKINS was a fair-haired, blue-eyed little English girl who lived in London two hundred years ago. She grew to be a young woman, strong and energetic, married Mr. Charles Patrick, and on October 6, 1732, with her husband and children started for America. They came in a sailing vessel to Boston. There were no big steamers then that could cross the ocean in less than a week. Robert Fulton's famous steamship did not make its first voyage until nearly one hundred years later, so these pioneers, were six weeks on the Atlantic.

The Patricks rested over night in Boston, and the next day they took a sailing "packet" for Falmouth, in the colony of Massachusetts, landing up the Fore River at a point which has long been the quaint village of Stroudwater and is now a part of Portland, the chief city in the state of Maine.

Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, for many years President of the National Woman's Christian

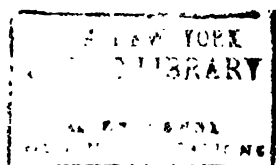
Temperance Union, lives at Stroudwater, and Elizabeth Hawkins Patrick was the great-grandmother of Mr. Stevens, who could tell you many stories of the days when his grandmother, Margaret Patrick, was a little girl.

When the Patrick family came to Stroudwater they built a little house about an eighth of a mile away from the garrison. All the early settlers in New England were obliged to build garrisons, or strong log houses with tiny windows—houses in which they could hide away from the attacks of unfriendly Indians, and in which they could protect the women and children. A signal gun was their only telephone or telegraph, and if any one had reason to think the Indians were coming he would fire a gun from his doorway. Someone, often a woman, in the nearest house, would at once go to her door and send forth a volley to tell her nearest neighbors that there was trouble, and thus word would be shot along by the gun-telegraph through the lonely settlement, and the scattered families would quickly gather in the garrison.

This was more than a hundred and sixty years ago, and most of the country around



THE LITTLE HOUSE NEAR THE GARRISON



Stroudwater—where now are pleasant farms, a Frances E. Willard public school building, a store, a grist-mill, many pretty homes, and pleasant shaded streets—was then a dense forest where bears and wolves roamed about, and where deer and wild game were plentiful.

One evening Mrs. Patrick and the children were alone in the house. The mother had just been to the barn and had milked the two cows. Bringing back two pails full of foamy new milk she set them on the table in the middle of the kitchen, and going to the big fire-place began to prepare supper. She pulled out the crane—an iron rod like a long arm—and had just swung the kettle over the bright log fire when she thought she heard a slight noise. Standing still to listen, she was sure she heard stealthy footsteps. Before she had time to think what she could do to save herself and her little children, the door-latch clicked, the door opened, and in walked two savage Indians.

Mrs. Patrick was a brave woman, but seeing at a glance that the Indians had on all their war-paint and wore tomahawks at their belts, she knew that their visit was not a friendly one, and her heart was full of fear for her

children. To her great relief and surprise, the two big "Braves" looked, first of all, at the pails of milk on the table instead of at the baby in the cradle or the frightened children, who were clinging to their mother in terror at sight of the strange visitors.

The Indians were thirsty and tired from a long tramp. Each one eagerly seized a pail

and drank his fill of the fresh, sweet milk, then smacking their lips the two brawny fellows set the pails back on the table and with grunts of satisfaction turned and strode out of the house.



THE VERY LATCH
THE INDIANS LIFTED

If you will come to see Mrs. Stevens some day she will show you, next door to her own home, the little house where all this happened, and you can see the very latch the Indians lifted, for it is yet on the old door.

Mrs. Stevens will tell you that whisky makes even good people bad, and if these Indians, all

ready for a fight, had found fire-water (the name the Indians gave to whisky) instead of nice, soothing new milk on the kitchen table, they might not have spared the trembling mother and her little children in their pioneer home.

BLOW THE TEMPERANCE HORN

Little boy Legioner, blow your horn,
The whisky man is after your corn:
The brewer would like your barley for beer,
The cider man your apples, I fear.



Toot! Toot! my temperance horn I'll blow
To tell all these naughty people, No!

**PLEDGE SIGNING AT
TRILLIUM SPRING**



PLEDGE SIGNING AT TRILLIUM SPRING

THE quaint procession halted at Hiram Brown's home. The children had discovered Grandmother Bassett and her daughter Hannah—Jamie's mother—at the window. "Three cheers for 'em!" shouted Jamie, and cap in hand, he led the youngsters in a three-times-three that sent the yellow-cat Ginger up the nearest tree, and so thoroughly surprised old Betty in the garden that she took to her heels in a most undignified fashion.

Grandmother Bassett's spectacles grew very misty as she watched the thirty boys and girls of this Junior Loyal Temperance Legion resume their march. Close behind Jamie came Peggy Johnson holding high the new white silk banner with the motto in gilt letters, "We'll Crown Cold Water King."

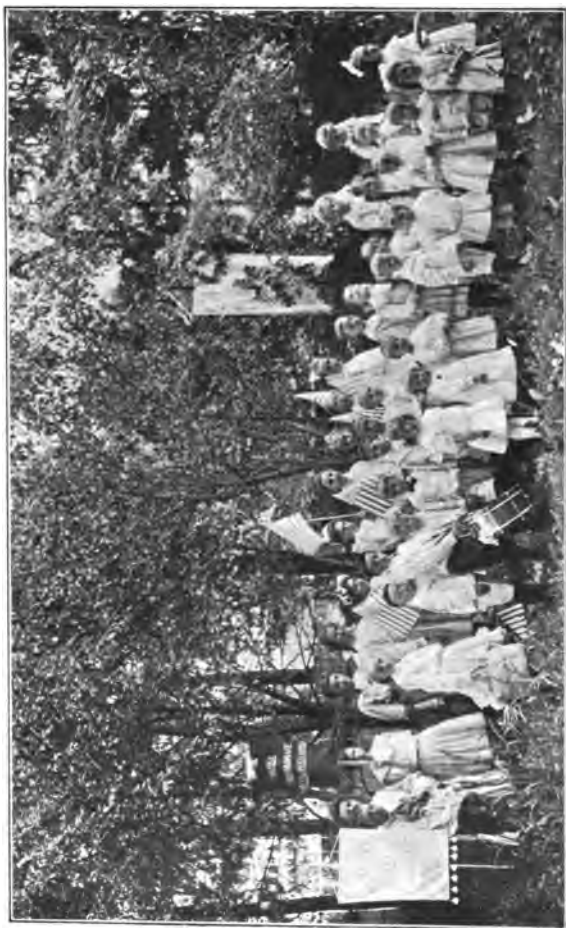
Tom Walters was a little jealous of curly-headed Peggy. He whispered to Jim Barstow, who marched just in front of him, "My, isn't

that banner a dandy? I'd give anything to carry it part way."

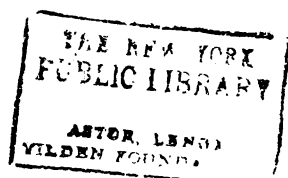
"Hold on, Tom," was Jim's quick response. "When you can make a motion and talk the way Peggy did at the L. T. L. meeting, perhaps they will let you be a standard bearer. You were not at the meeting when Peggy stood up and said sort o' scared like, 'Mr. President,' and then when he called out 'Peggy Johnson,' she said, 'I move we have a new banner with the motto, "We'll Crown Cold Water King."' Of course we shouted 'Aye,' when the president put the motion, and Peggy is just a brick, that's what she is, and I'm glad she's got the banner. See her look up at the motto as though she loved it!"

There had been a little halt, but now "Left, right, march!" came from their president, and on they trudged with smiling faces all through the village, each one trying to keep step to Dan Layton's new drum.

Chubby little Jim Patterson tumbled down repeatedly in his eager excitement to keep up with the procession. Marcia Davis' mite of an arm ached with the weight of the big basket of ginger cookies; but never mind, they were



ON THE WAY TO TRILLIUM SPRING



temperance boys and girls, helping to make the world better, and they were off for a glorious good time in the woods.

Ever since this Legion of Greene, Vermont, had been organized the November previous, they had been looking forward to a picnic they had been promised as soon as the pine woods were dry enough to make it enjoyable. They were also to have their first reception of new members at Trillium Spring, a custom to be continued during the summer.

. It was nearly noon when the ranks were broken at the spring where Mrs. Libby, the L. T. L. leader, and several of the teachers were waiting to welcome them. The children were hungry and thirsty after their long march, and filling their tin cups with water from the spring, they sat down on the green grass. Sandwiches, pie, and cookies quickly disappeared, and then they had such a good time! Their shouts and laughter surprised the squirrels chasing each other round the trees, and away they scampered to another playground.

Mrs. Libby had called the little people together, and had just formed a circle around the spring, when Jamie's father on his way home

from the wood-lot came unexpectedly upon the pretty sight.

Stepping quietly behind a large tree, Mr. Brown waited with much curiosity to see what was going on, for Jamie, his manly little son, seemed about to lead off in a ceremony of some kind.

"Let us all take hold of hands and sing 'My drink is water bright from the crystal spring,'" said the little man.

"They are just right," thought the conscience-stricken father, as he listened to the song and remembered how often he had drank that which it would grieve Jamie to know had ever passed his lips. "I'll have to see it through now, that's sure," was his reflection as once more his little boy's voice could be clearly heard.

"Nell Ryder, Dot Burgess, and Parker Fiske will now take the pledge of the Greene Junior L. T. L.," announced Jamie.

As their names were called the children took their places facing Mrs. Libby, and with raised hands and united voices solemnly repeated the words:

"God helping me, I promise not to buy, drink,
sell or give
Alcoholic liquor while I live.
From all tobacco I'll abstain,
And never take God's name in vain."

Handing each member of the Legion a tiny glass, Mrs. Libby filled it with sparkling water from the spring, and kneeling together, the old members, with the new, renewed their cold-water pledge as Jamie sang out:

"So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate."

A prayer-song reverently closed the interesting pledge service.

"Mr. President, do you ever let grown folks take the pledge of the Loyal Temperance Legion?" was the surprising question Jamie heard asked in a familiar voice as Mr. Brown, lifting his hat to the temperance picnickers, stood beside his son at the conclusion of the song.

"Why, father, where did you come from? Of course we do," exclaimed the lad joyfully. "Perhaps they didn't have L. T. L.'s when you were a little boy!"

Again with eager haste the glasses were filled, and kneeling beside Jamie, Mr. Brown took the cooling draught. "Let them pray again, Mrs. Libby," he whispered. "God must help me to be true to this promise, true to my brave little son, true to my precious home."

"Sing your pledge-prayer again, children, for Mr. Brown," said their leader.

Kneeling by the spring, which rippled its tender note in sweet accord with the melody of the youthful voices, the Legioners sang for the second time:

"Our Heavenly Father, hear us now
And help us keep this sacred vow,
Though we are young—oh make us strong
Always to fight against the wrong.

"Bless those who join our band today
That they may never from Thee stray.
Oh keep them true, help them to stand
For God, and Home, and Native Land."

"Father, will you march back with us?" asked Jamie, fairly dancing in his delight. "You will make the procession just splendid."

"All right," said Mr. Brown, "you can escort

me home, I guess, for mother must be wondering what has become of me."

"Hannah Maria, they're coming back! I can hear their drumming. Do come to the window! They will want us to see them go by."

Around the bend of the road they came into view, and soon entered the garden gate, Mr. Brown and Jamie side by side at the head of the procession.

"Hurrah, mother, we all belong now!" Mr. Brown called out to his wife. "Aren't you glad, little woman? That pledge at Trillium Spring, with the birds singing and the children praying, ought to make a teetotaler of any man."

HOW THE BIRDS KNOW

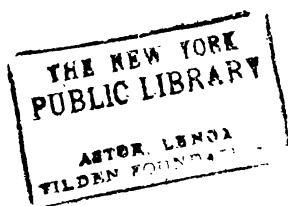
My brother Tommy knows 'most everything
'Bout Russians and Japs, 'bout automobiles,
'Bout sailors and elephants, engines and wheels,
Why dogs never talk and cows cannot sing,—
Yes, my brother Tommy knows everything!

Whenever I ask him how 'tis that he knows,
He stands right up straight and looks very
 wise,
Puts his hands in his pockets and rolls up his
 eyes,
Then says, "A little bird told me, I 'spose",—
Whenever I ask him how 'tis that he knows.

This morning I saw twenty birds in a row
On the telegraph line sitting still:
They'll hear all the news—why, of course they
 will
And tell brother Tommy whatever they know—
These twenty small sparrows that sat in a row.



**"MY BROTHER TOMMY KNOWS 'MOST EVERY-
THING"**



TELEPHONE TEDDY



TELEPHONE TEDDY

TEDDY is only ten months old and cannot say "Halloa," yet he is always the first one in his cosy home to reach the telephone when it rings.

He has a cunning little head with wee shining eyes. He hops about on two tiny feet, and the reason he gets to the telephone first is because he has two pretty wings the color of a sunbeam. Have you guessed it, little friends? Yes, Teddy Ross is a canary bird.

His neat, clean cage is well supplied with birdseed, bits of fruit, and green leaves, for Teddy needs to eat oftener than three times a day. He splashes about in a white bath-tub each morning, and, like other little birds, sits on his perch each night, asleep with his head tucked under his wing.

His kind friend, Mrs. Ross, opens his cage door every day and lets Teddy come and go as he pleases. Happy Teddy, to have such a friend! and dearly he loves her.

Teddy is a temperance bird, for his only

drink is water. The dear lady who is so good to him is a cousin of Frances E. Willard, and lives in Churchville, New York, where Miss Willard was born.

When Mrs. Ross is at her desk writing, Teddy often alights on her shoulder or pecks playfully at her pen as though wishing he could put in a word. When she is sewing, Teddy thinks it great fun to pull the thread out of her needle, for that is the only way he can try to help.

He flies gayly about three pleasant rooms that open into one another, and sings merrily to the pretty bird he sees in the long mirror back of the mantel, but he likes best of all to help answer a telephone call or send a message.

As soon as his good friend goes to the telephone, Teddy takes his favorite place on top of her head, and peers wisely into the telephone as he tries to find the speaker at the other end of the line. Sometimes he becomes greatly excited, and while his gay little head bobs briskly about, he will hop quickly back and forth from the speaking tube to the receiver or enjoy a swing on the connecting cord.

If the conversation is a long one, Teddy forgets to be polite and interrupts with a wild sweet song full of happy trills. His bird language is much prettier than ours, and he believes it will be understood even if he cannot say "halloa." If many hours pass without a



TEDDY

telephone ring, Teddy will fly to the speaking tube, chirrup his call to other little canaries he would love to see, and sing all his charming melodies.

Teddy Ross probably is the smallest and smartest of President Theodore Roosevelt's many namesakes. If Teddy could telephone to the White House, I think he would say in bird fashion, "Hello, Mr. President! This is Teddy Ross of Churchville, New York. Please, Mr. President, won't you always be very kind to my dear out-door friends everywhere, especially the birds, the rabbits, and the bears?"

GUESS WHAT THEY ARE

THEY go stalking about all over the land,
They are white and big and tall,
They grew in the forest, have crossed the seas,
In a cyclone they're likely to fall.

There are far too many for you to count,
Though you see them every day.
Commerce and people, the home and the press
Would be sad if these friends walked away.

They help do the work of the great big world,
Around them there's something that clings;
This something enables the country to talk
And gives electricity wings.

CHINA

CHINA

Nor the great empire of China, with its four hundred million of people on the opposite side of the world from the country discovered by Christopher Columbus; not the China where they do so many things backward, according to our way of thinking—the China of the Chinese—but some temperance china cups and saucers, china plates, an old china flip mug, and Parson Smith's china tea-set, most of them in the home of a lady who lives in Portland, Maine, is what we are going to talk about.

You remember Mrs. Stevens in the story of the Indians: she is the lady who has this pretty old china in her home. First, the flip mug! What in the world is that, do you suppose? I wish you could see it. It is a very large blue-and-white mug big enough to hold more than a pint, and about the year 1780 this very mug was used for cider in an old tavern, or hotel, called the Broad House, near Mrs. Stevens' home. Some famous people have been in this

hotel, among them James Munroe, one of the Presidents of the United States. Let us see where he came in the list of Presidents: George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Munroe.

Flip was a very common drink in those days, and was made by filling a great mug like this one with cider and putting into it a red hot



OLD CHINA FLIP MUG AND "TEMPERANCE" PLATE

poker, or "logger-head," making the cider foam.

In 1892 a daughter of General Neal Dow living in Lancaster, N. H., presented to the town a drinking fountain. When a fountain

is presented to a city and has been set in place ready for use, there is a service or ceremony with speeches before the water is turned on, and this is called the dedication of the fountain. Mrs. Stevens went to Lancaster to see this dedication and carried with her the old flip mug. She tied a white ribbon in the handle to show that it was now a cold water cup and would never again be used for flip or any strong drink. When the sparkling water came gushing from the fountain, General Neal Dow took the old mug, filled it with water and handed it to Mrs. Stevens, requesting her to take the first drink from the new and handsome fountain. The old flip mug thus honored, has been presented to Rest Cottage, Evanston, Ill., the old home of Frances E. Willard. Some day you must come to see it.

When Mr. Dow visited England as a young man, many years ago, his friends across the water gave him a good-by present as he sailed for home. This gift was a dinner-set of handsome china, decorated with a picture of Mr. Dow on every piece. This china was used at a dinner in Mr. Dow's home, when Miss Willard was his guest. Mr. Dow's daughter, Miss Cor-

nelia, said she liked the china better to look at than to use, for it did not seem quite polite to put sauce on her father's face. Mr. Dow gave Miss Willard a little plate from this set, and it is among the choice souvenirs that are



THE NEAL DOW PLATE GIVEN TO MISS WILLARD

shown to the visitors who call at Rest Cottage.

A dainty cup and saucer, prettily shaped and decorated with a delicate green vine and tiny blue flowers, could tell you, if old china cups and saucers could talk, a very interesting story. This beautiful china was given to Mrs.

Stevens by a charming old lady eighty years of age, whose father bought the set to which it belonged as a wedding present for his bride. At about that time he built a sailing vessel. There was no temperance society in the country then and nearly everybody drank, yet this young man believed it wrong to use alcoholic liquors, so when the new ship was finished and ready to go out to sea, he gave it the name "Temperance." The first trip made by "the good ship Temperance" was from Belfast to Boston, and it was a wedding journey for the young owner and his bride. On the voyage they used the wedding china, a few pieces of which have been kept through all these years as a reminder of the gallant ship "Temperance" that sailed the seas long, long ago.

Now for the story of Parson Smith and his tea-set. I do not mean a tiny tea-set like those you play with when your friends come to see you and you serve make-believe tea, but I mean a big tea-set with china cups and saucers, tea-pot, sugar-bowl and cream pitcher, that Parson Smith and his wife used on their dining-room table every day. Pretty cups they are, white outside, with a band of gilt around the

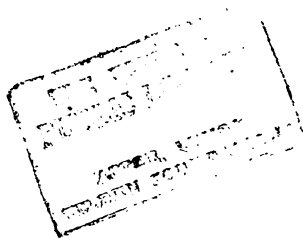
middle of the cup, and handsomely decorated inside in bright blue and gold.

Parson Smith was the first preacher in Falmouth, Mass., now Portland, Maine. When he began to preach, Portland was almost a wilderness, and his congregation was very small. These pioneers of New England were devout men and women, and their first work in a new settlement was to establish a "meeting-house." Parson Smith's people soon built the First Parish Church, and later they added a fine tall steeple, which the young parson used to watch as it slowly grew in height, as though its mission were to point like a guiding hand toward heaven.

There was an unhappy thing about building in those days; the men who were employed in shipyards, or to build houses or churches, or to do various kinds of carpenter work, were given a drink of rum, whisky, or brandy, twice during the day. At eleven o'clock in the morning and at four o'clock in the afternoon, a gong would strike, when the men would stop work in a hurry and go and get their grog. Among the old records of what it cost to build the first church in Portland, we find some bills



PARSON SMITH'S TEA-SET



which seem strange enough in these days when many employers will not allow any but total abstainers to work for them. Here is an exact copy of one bill:

Falmouth, Oct. 30th, 1761.

Amount of rum and sugar Capt. Isaac Illsly had of me for the people that worked on the steeple in the First Parish in Falmouth.

To 11 gallons and one half rum at 4s	
per gallon	£2.6.0.
To 8 pounds sugar at 8 pence.....	5.4.

Another bill reads:

“Account of rum and sugar to workmen building steeple, Deacon Benjamin Titcomb, Chairman of Building Committee, 1760-1761. Summing bill for sundry accounts for sugar and rum used at the raising £17.11.02.”

In another account it is stated that 877 mugs (that means mugs of liquor) were used while building the steeple.

The boys and girls of today are learning what these good people of the olden time did not realize, that alcoholic drinks injure the

brain, the nerves, the muscles, the heart, and thousands of little men and women in America, descendants of these New England pilgrims, are God's workmen who sing:

“Onward we are marching
Alcohol to fight:
Valiant little soldiers
Battling for the right.”

O, the tea-set! I almost forgot to tell you that when you come to Portland, Maine, Mrs. Lillian Stevens, who bought the tea-set long years after the good old parson had gone from earth, will be most happy to show you the china, which reminds her of the great and good changes that have come since the day when it took many gallons of rum to build a church steeple.

BIRDIE'S FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

TELL me, little lads and lasses,
When cold winds of winter blow
And the ground is covered deeply
With the storm king's wealth of snow,

Are there funny, zigzag footprints
Close about your porch or door,
Tracks of tiny little bird feet
On the pretty, frosty floor?

If some clear, sharp winter morning
When Jack Frost is frisking round,
I should see these dainty tracings
On the glistening snowy ground

Just beneath your kitchen windows,
I should smile and gladly say,
"Yes, they've surely fed the birdies,
At this friendly home today."

84 BIRDIE'S FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

Can you read these funny zigzags

Birdies print with busy feet?

It's their way of saying "Thank you"

For the crumbs they love to eat.

DORA AND DUMPY

DORA AND DUMPY

"SURE, ma'am, it takes all one's patience to brish up after that child, sich quair ways she has wid the flowers. But it's swate iv her, jist the same, and who could help lovin' the little mite, trudgin' around wid her hands full iv flowers. And niver did I see any child so good to iverthin'."

Before Mrs. Barrett could reply to Margaret's outburst, Dora appeared in the open doorway with a wee baby chick in her hands, holding it so carefully that the contented little thing was peeping the same soft note as though under its mother's wing. Dora's face was full of anxiety.

"O mother, it's my own little Dumpy, and its leg is broken," wept Dora. "Can you mend it, mother? Can't Dr. Brown come and do it up to get well, as he did Bobby's arm when he broke it tumbling off the hay?"

Mrs. Barrett put the little yellow ball of feathers—the chickie only a few days old—into

a box made soft and warm with cotton batting, and told Dora how to care for it.

"The leg will get well in a few days, but Dumpy will always limp," said her mother. My little Dora is the best doctor he can have, because all we can do for him is to feed him and give him water and keep him warm."

Dora devoted herself to her helpless little pet. The chicken would listen to the things she said to him as though he understood every word. The weak leg soon grew stronger and Dumpy could hop about. Then for a few days he lived in a big box where he had gravel to scratch, and which Dora made soft with fresh grass each morning. Dora and Dumpy were now such good friends that master chickie acted as though Dora were the mother-hen, and if the child left him he would cry "Peep, peep, peep," louder than you would think so little a creature could cry.

If Dora came back while he was calling her, he would stop the instant she came into the room and come hippity-hop toward her as fast as he could. In about a week Dora's mother said that Dumpy would better be put back with the brood and let the mother-hen take care of him,

and although Dora did not like to give up her little charge, she knew that it was best.

"Come, Dumpy," she said, "you are well enough now to go back to your mother," and



DUMPY

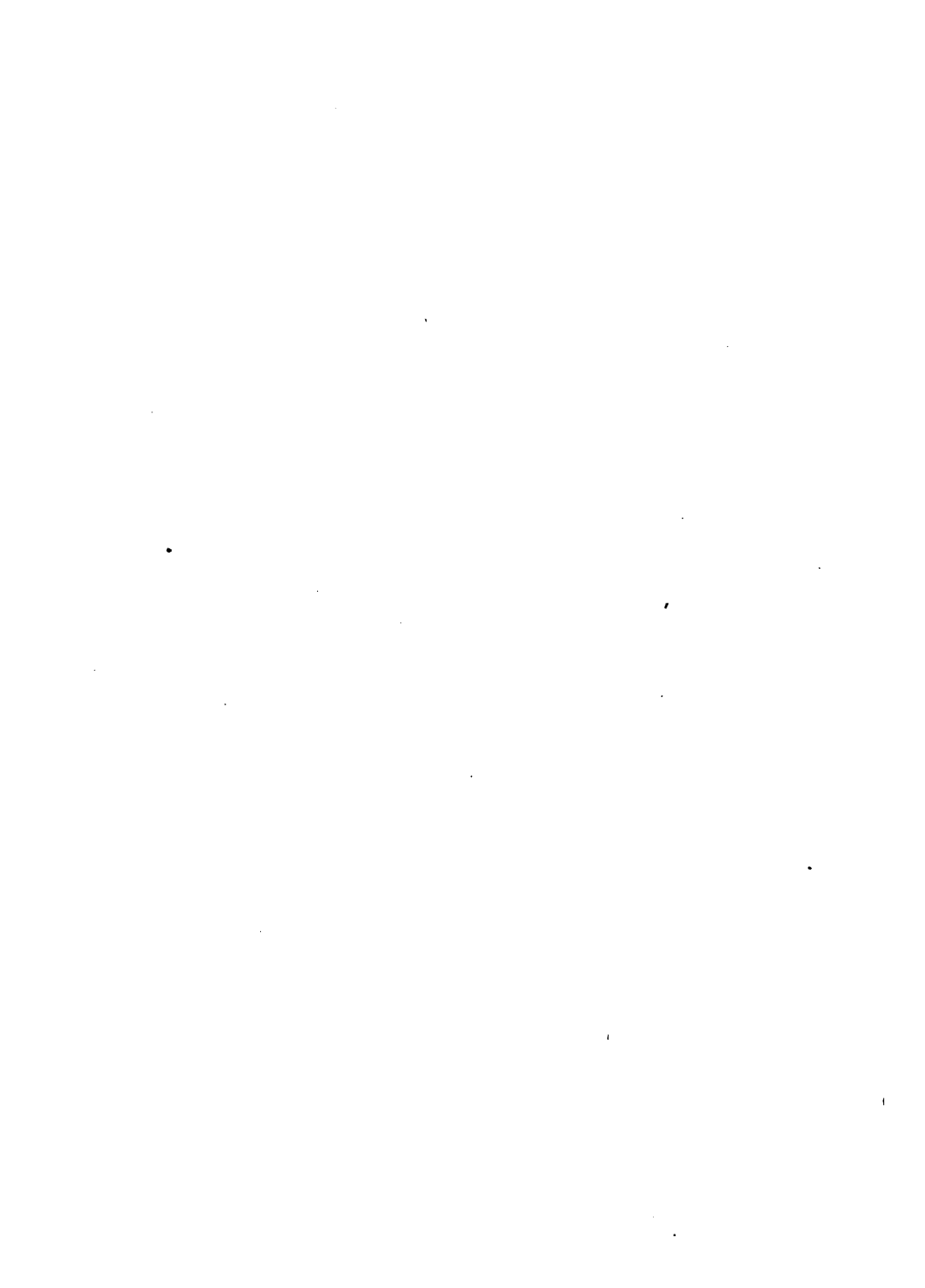
taking him gently up she started for the garden. Mrs. Barrett watched Dora as she set the chicken down by its mates close to the old hen, who clucked with all her might, trying to tell Dumpy how glad she was to see him again. Dora followed the glad mother-hen about for a

few minutes and when she thought Dumpy was not looking she turned and scampered back toward the house. In an instant, with a shrill cry of "Peep, peep, peep," Dumpy came running after her, half hopping, half flying in his haste to overtake his doctor, nurse and mother, all in one, whom he loved with all his little chickie heart. Mrs. Barrett saw Dora turn at the chicken's cry, saw her stoop and let the little fellow hop up on her hand, and opening the window she called out to the troubled little girl:

"Good for lame Dumpy and my precious little daughter who has been so kind to him! You will have to mother him a while longer, I guess."

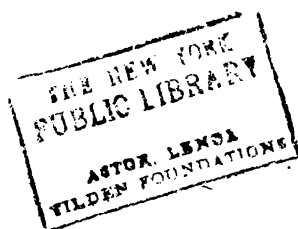
For many weeks Dumpy followed Dora about the yard and the garden, refusing all care but hers. Even when full grown, he was often seen limping after the child, a daisy chain or a garland of clover blossoms setting off the scarlet comb he always wore on the top of his handsome head.

LITTLE SKIPPY





"EAGLE'S NEST"—THE PRETTY COTTAGE IN THE CATSKILLS



LITTLE SKIPPY

"COME, Skippy, Skippy! Come, little Skippy; I have a handful of nuts for you, Skippy."

Frances Willard sat on the rustic porch of her pretty cottage at Twilight Park in the Catskill mountains. It was a sweet summer morning. Cheerily and patiently she called her pet chipmunk, which I had named Little Skippy.

Soon we heard a rustle in the leaves across the ravine, then a patter of tiny hurrying feet.

"I hear him," whispered Miss Willard. "Dear Little Skippy that he is!"

Along the birch bark rails of the porch he came, straight to the friendly waiting hands, and seating himself contentedly where Miss Willard could look into his twinkling eyes; he sent the shells flying as his sharp teeth found the sweet nuts in a hurry.

I took a snapshot of the two friends as they sat together. The happy look on Frances Willard's face will tell you how much she enjoyed Skippy's company.

Often he would come into the cottage, and if she were busy writing or studying he would

run all over her table among her letters and papers, hunting for you know what. When rewarded for his search, he would jump into her lap and eat the nut which he had found.

Skippy was a wild little chap the first time we saw him. Born in the big, lonesome woods, he naturally was afraid of us. Upon discovering that his home was underneath our cottage, each morning we would throw out a handful of nuts, calling "Skippy, Skippy, Skippy," in just the same way, then from within doors we would watch our busy little neighbor carry his treasures to his winter storehouse.

Very soon Skippy would come while we stayed quite near. In a few days more we placed his tempting breakfast on the door step, then inside the door, gradually leading him into the different rooms until he felt at home everywhere and knew that we were his friends.

Before long he ate from our hands without fear, and came at our call as readily as would a pet cat or dog.

Only one summer, and for a few weeks, Frances Willard and her squirrel friend played together, but I am sure that as long as he lived, little Skippy watched for her to come again with the summer sunshine and the flowers.



FRANCES E. WILLARD FEEDING LITTLE SKIPPY

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE WILD ASTER

SHE has twinkling eyes, wears a pale, purple cap,

And dresses in green every day.

She lives by the wayside but never was known
To tell what she hears people say.

She laughs when raindrops come pattering
down,

And never complains of the heat;

She can dance like a sylph when the breezes are
light

Far better than folk with their feet.

The butterflies say that the gay golden-rod

Is in love with her soft glancing ways:

That explains why together they whisper and
nod

Through all the long summer days.



"TOGETHER THEY WHISPER AND NOD"



TALKING
APPLE BLOSSOMS

TALKING APPLE BLOSSOMS

RUTH BARRETT was only six years old when her mother took her one afternoon to a meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion. On the way Mrs. Barrett could hardly keep up with her little girl, she tripped along so fast. Her large straw hat fell back over her shoulders, showing a bonnie smiling face, bright eyes and dark, smooth hair.

"O mother," she said excitedly "do you think I can say it all? Won't it be a surprisement to Freddie? I know he never heard you teach me, for he was always in the shed chopping wood."

The leader welcomed Ruth and placed her in the front row. Brother Fred, fourteen years old, who sat with great dignity in the president's chair, was surprised indeed to see his little sister. After the devotional exercises, he said in a loud, clear voice:

"The L. T. L. may stand, repeat the pledge, motto, and rallying cry, and give the salute."

Ruth was up first from her seat and to her brother's amazement she could be distinctly heard as she repeated without missing a word all that they had been asked to recite. The leader murmured to herself, "God bless the child!" when the dear tiny right hand reverently gave the salute and the sweet little piping voice made itself clearly heard above the others. As Ruth earnestly said, "My head, my heart, and this right hand, for God and Home and Native Land," her mother silently prayed that God would help her little girl always to keep the sacred promise she was making.

"The closing song,

"Apples, ripe apples, we'll pick from the trees;
But cider, no cider, for us if you please,"

was a new one, and the children sang it over and over until Ruth knew the first lines and the tune by heart, and she hummed the song all the way home.

Reaching the gate, she left her mother and ran to the orchard "just to look at the apple blossoms, mother," she said. "They do shine so with the sun on them."

There were hundreds of trees in full bloom. It was like fairyland to Ruth, and flinging herself down on the grass she looked lovingly up at the blossoms and then at the blue sky beyond. For some minutes everything was very quiet and then—could it be possible?—yes,—she surely heard the apple blossoms talking. Their voices were sweet and musical, but very sad.

One big pink-and-white blossom said to a beauty on the next tree, "Isn't it terrible that Farmer Barrett is going to make cider of us this fall? I would stop growing if I could and not turn into an apple at all. I heard a boy once say when he came whistling into the orchard, 'I was made to be eaten and not to be drank.' Perhaps he was not talking about us, but that's just what I think about apples. Send us to the cider mill! Why, it's dreadful. Ruth Barrett's cider mill, those pretty white teeth of hers, are the only kind of mill I'm willing to be ground up in."

"How do you know that Farmer Barrett means to put us into a horrid cider mill and turn us into a drink that makes people cross

and often cruel and wicked?" said a cunning little bud just above Ruth's head.

"I'll tell you," said the first blossom. "He was out here yesterday with his brother John, and I heard him say that there would be more apples than usual this year and that he would send a lot of us to Foley's cider mill. I wish we could all drop off the trees now while we are only blossoms."

Poor Ruth was in great distress. She tried to speak and explain to her apple-blossom friends that it must all be a mistake, but she could not utter a word.

The dear little maid was asleep, of course, and dreaming of all this commotion in the flower-laden trees, and when Mrs. Barrett found her there were tears on her face.

"Come, Ruth, supper is ready and father is waiting. We began to think our little girlie was lost."

"Father," said the child, as Farmer Barrett asked her why she did not eat her bread and milk, "I can't ever be happy any more if what the apple blossoms said is true. They said you are going to put them into a cider mill and turn them into a wicked drink. I was dream-

ing, I know, but I am so afraid about the cider."

"Bless my heart!" said Mr. Barrett, pushing back his chair and lifting Ruth tenderly into his strong arms. "See here, child, there isn't anything to cry about. That dream was all wrong. Our apples—Freddie's and yours and mother's and mine—are never going to be made into cider, and I hope our little girl will be a temperance worker some day and help to drive every cider mill out of this country. I did say to your uncle yesterday that it was a pity to have so many apples go to waste every summer, and that other people were making money out of the cider business. But since then, your mother and I have talked it over, and we have decided to send a lot of apples to Boston this year for the little folks at the Frances E. Willard Settlement."

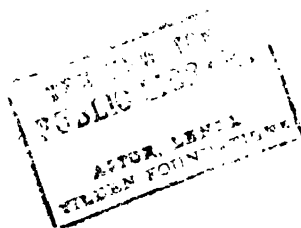
"Smiling again, Ruth? I thought so. We'll take a walk out to the orchard after supper and tell the blossoms all about it before they go to sleep."

COLD WATER GIRLS



THE WILLARD FOUNTAIN

**Presented to Chicago by temperance boys and
girls of the World's W. C. T. U. in 1893**



COLD WATER GIRLS

SOME years ago two little girls who lived in Biddeford, Maine, went for the first time to a great temperance meeting, held under the stately pine trees at Old Orchard. There they listened to Frances E. Willard, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, and other notable speakers. The next day as Eva and Anna strolled along one of the pleasant streets of their home town, they earnestly discussed the subject of temperance, and their hearts were full of sympathy for one of their little neighbors, a bright girl whose father was an intemperate man. Reaching the bridge over the Saco River they stopped a moment to watch some beautiful falls dashing over the rocks, sparkling in their clearness and purity.

"Well, I'm glad that the rivers are not made of rum," exclaimed one of the girls vehemently.

A genial-faced gentleman who was standing on the opposite side of the bridge overheard the remark, and stepping across to where the

girl's stood, he said kindly, "Little girl, I too am glad that rivers and streams and lakes and oceans are not made of rum. They could not be. God made the rivers and he never made a drop of rum." Then for a few moments he talked with the girls about the misery and wretchedness caused by strong drink, and he begged them to be cold-water girls always and so grow up to be temperance workers.

A little later as one of the girls was telling her mother about the kind stranger who had given them such good advice which they should try always to follow, she saw the gentleman passing their home.

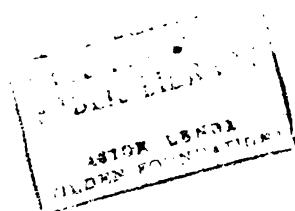
"There he is now, mother," she said, running to the window to see him once more.

Glancing out over the little girl's shoulder, the mother's face lighted up with pleasant surprise as she said, "Why, my little daughter, that is Mr. Neal Dow, the great temperance worker, and you must always remember every word that he said to you."

The little girls have grown to womanhood, and the one who told me this story is the center of a happy home in the old Pine Tree state and is the president of the local Woman's



A COLD WATER GIRL



Christian Temperance Union. She has a bright little daughter of her own, and because the mother traces her interest in temperance work back to the impressions she received when very young, she has organized a Loyal Temperance Legion in the village where she lives, and she believes that many of the boys and girls who have joined this Legion will be among those who through all their coming years will help lift the world to the Light.

The other little girl is now also a white ribboner. Her home is in New York state, and she has lately written to her friend in Maine that her five bright, active little boys are all gallant temperance soldiers and that ever since her childhood days she has tried to help the temperance cause.

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SMILING FLOWERS

SMILING FLOWERS

My jolly jonquils never frown
At April's fickle weather;
They catch the sunshine in their caps
And do not care a feather.



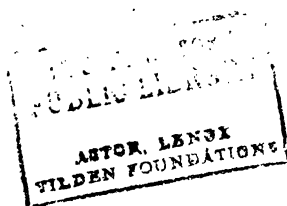
A SMILING FLOWER

Did fairies make the pretty frill
Around their caps so sunny,
And as they finished every one
Drop in a bit of honey?

I'd like to wear a sunshine cap
And laugh at April's showers.
Let's tell the jonquils, Mother dear,
We'll call them smiling flowers.



"MY JOLLY JONQUILS"



PATSY'S POND LILIES

PATSY'S POND LILIES

"POND LILIES, Sir? Fresh pond lilies? Only a nickel for the bunch."

Dr. Crompton was in a hurry, but the wistfulness of the little face and the emphatic earnestness of the eager hand which thrust the fragrant lilies expectantly toward him were not easily slighted, and tossing a dime to the child he stepped into his carriage and was driving away.

"Surely I have seen those eyes before," said the doctor to his coachman, glancing back at the little one already far down the street in haste to share with Bob, her "Dandy Bob", the treasured dime.

"My! won't Bob be glad though when I show him what I've got! I guess he won't scold me for most drowning when I pulled them up! Dear Dandy Bob, he shall have it all. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten cents,—don't seem as if there could be so much money in one little round bit like this"—and

stopping an instant, Patsy cautiously relaxed her tight grasp on the coin, and laughed aloud as she realized afresh that it was her very own and that Dandy Bob was soon to hold it in his thin little hand.

Patsy and Bob were everything to each other. They were waifs in a large city, and that morning Patsy had started before daylight for the pond which Bob had told her about, where wonderful water lilies grew.

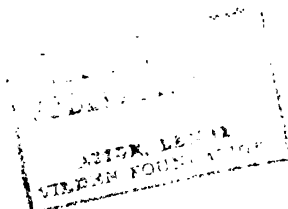
"When the sun looks down on them, Patsy girl," he had said, "they'll spread out just fine, and you'll see the yellow in them exactly like Bob's hair."

Patsy had nicknamed her brother "Dandy" from the time she first saw a dandelion, and could the loyal little sister have caught a glimpse of Bob's heart she would have seen that it, too, was golden.

Bob was eight years old, and for three years he had been the manly protector of his mother and his little sister Patsy: selling papers, blacking boots, catching up a job here and there as best he could. Six months had passed since that dreadful morning when mother wouldn't waken, though Patsy clung to her with tender-



“WHEN THE SUN LOOKS DOWN ON THEM”



est caresses. Poor Bob understood it all. He knew his mother's heart was broken; he had heard her sobbing in the night after his father had gone staggering from the one room they called home, with the money she had earned that day and which she had kept concealed until the heavy blows had fallen on her thick and fast.

"Yes, Patsy, mother won't never wake up in this world. She's awful tired, Patsy, and it is better for her to rest, you know. Don't cry so, little sister; Dandy Bob can take care of you all right. The black wagon will come, Patsy, and they'll take mother away, but she'll stay asleep; and when folks go to sleep like that they ain't really folks any more, but beautiful angels. Wouldn't you like to see mother all smiling with a lovely clean dress on and no black-and-blue bruises on her any more? Little girl, we'll do something big some day and just bust those horrid saloons where father buys the drink."

A frightened face peered in at the door. The children stood by the rude couch, their arms encircling each other.

"Sure, she's gone," mumbled the miserable man, "and it's best for me to move on."

Patsy and Bob never had seen their father since that memorable day, and Bob had manfully supported himself and clever little Patsy.

One summer day he started out as usual from the ell-room in which a neighbor allowed the children to sleep. The pallor of the boy's face and the increasing sharpness of his features told the story of his unselfish love for the little sister, to whom he tried to be both mother and father. With his kit for blacking boots under his arm and a big bundle of morning papers, he cheerily commenced his day's work.

"Blamed if I wouldn't like to buy one of those pretty dresses for Patsy and some of them gay ribbons to tie up her hair. Then I could get her into the kindergarten, sure 'nough, and she could tell me all about it nights when it's too hot to sleep," he wistfully planned.

Turning from a hasty glance at the shop window to cry his papers, Bob saw a young girl on the opposite side of the street trying to attract the attention of a gentleman whose carriage had just driven to the curbstone. From the other direction a heavily loaded beer wagon was coming rapidly near, drawn by a

pair of the great handsome horses brewers can always afford.

Intent on reaching her father before he should drive away, Elsie Crompton started to cross the street. Bob saw her terrible danger, and, dropping his papers, he was soon dragging the girl back from the path of the wagon.

"Did I save her, sir? Did you tell Patsy? I must go now so Patsy won't think I'm dead. O sir, it's only the beer that has spoiled everything for Patsy and me, and I'm thankful sure that I ain't killed, for then there wouldn't be nobody to take care of Patsy, you see."

The big brown eyes—just like Patsy's they were—filled with tears as the physician grasped Bob's hand and thanked him for his brave deed. "Just like I was a man, too," thought Bob.

"Tell me where you live, Bob, and I'll come to see you and Patsy some day. I guess you are all right now. Here are your papers. Elsie will never forget your heroism."

The busy doctor sprang into his carriage, taking home his little daughter, while poor Bob slowly made his way back to the dark corner, his only home. Patsy saw him coming, and running to meet him at this unusual hour for

his return, was full of trouble at the sight of his white face.

"It ain't much of anything, Patsy dear," he said brightly. "I'm hurt just a bit in my back, and I'll sit down for a while till the pain is gone. By and by I'll tell you all about it."

The little fellow did not get better as the hours passed, and Patsy began to wonder what she could do to get some money for the next day's food; and Bob must have some medicine, too.

"Oh, Bob, my Dandy Bob, you won't go to sleep like mother did?" sobbed Patsy as darkness came and the children cuddled down together near the rude building, preferring the watching stars to the stuffy corner that sheltered them in rainy or cold weather. It was then Bob told Patsy that it was just about time for the pond lilies to bloom and soon he would bring her some if she would be a good girl and go to sleep.

Before daylight she had crept quietly away, determined to find the coveted lilies and in selling them get money enough to buy food and, yes, a big juicy orange for Bob with the bad pain in his back.

"James, where have I seen those eyes lately?" again questioned Dr. Crompton. "I've got it!" and catching the reins from the coachman's hands, he suddenly turned the horse in the direction of Patsy's retreating figure. "Those eyes are the very same as Bob's, who saved my Elsie yesterday, and I have blamed myself that I didn't at once find out where the boy lived, for I verily believe he was more hurt than he would admit. Follow her, please, James," he said, handing back the reins. James looked inquiringly at the doctor as the child hurried down one of the worst alley-ways of the city. "Yes, go on—drive slowly and carefully—I must see that boy again."

Patsy was kneeling beside Bob as the doctor came up to the astonished children. Their faces were glowing with happiness as Patsy told the story of the lilies.

"Why, here he is now, Bob, the fine gentleman who gave me all that money for my lilies."

Bob looked up, grateful love filling his eyes as he said:

"Why, Patsy, that's my doctor who was so good to me and shook hands with me like I

was a man, but I haven't told you about it yet."

Bob and Patsy no longer live in the old corner or out under the sky. Dr. Crompton's beautiful home is theirs, and Bob is the proudest office boy in all the great city. Elsie never tires of making life radiant for her new brother and sister.

Through the summer season the doctor's patients sometimes wonder why the only flowers that decorate his handsome office table are pond lilies.

TO THE GOLDEN ROD

THOU hast the glow of the summer sun
In thy beautiful smiling face,
Yet when we ask "Has autumn come?"
Thou noddest with gentle grace.

How came the sunlight to touch thy brow
And leave there its garland of gold?
Come—tell me the secret—I'm listening now
To all thou mayest unfold.

Oh golden rod, that gladdens all eyes,
Like thee ought our lives to be bright,
And maybe an angel will come from the skies
To touch us with heavenly light.

LILLIAN'S FLAG



MRS. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS



LILLIAN'S FLAG

LILLIAN AMES and her brother Adoniram, with their dog Fido, sat on the porch steps of their pleasant home in Dover, Maine. Lillian's chin rested in her little hands as she gazed admiringly at a flag which she and her brother had just made and had flung out across the street in front of their home, fastening the long rope from which it hung, to a tree on each side of the street.

It was at the time of a great political campaign many years ago, and on the flag could be plainly read the names of two of the candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States.

"My, but didn't we make a beauty!" exclaimed the boy. "Aren't you glad we are patriots?"

"Yes," quickly answered the happy little girl. "This is the proudest day of all my life! And it's for our country, Addie, all the time it waves out there. A beauty! well, I guess it is!"

The next morning Lillian was quietly studying in a rustic arbor in the garden. A rough man driving a poor old white horse came along. Just in front of the flag he halted and with an oath called out, "I will never go under that flag. It's got to come down!"

Lillian looked hastily about, hoping to find some one who would help her preserve the flag and the honor of those names it bore. Alas! there was no one in sight, not even her brother, who was seldom absent from her side.

The child, with Fido at her heels, ran to the street to plead for her banner, but already the angry old man was clambering up one of the trees, jack-knife in hand, to cut the rope.

Quick as a flash Lillian saw a way out of her trouble. Chirruping to the old horse, she touched him gently with the whip, and off he jogged straight under the flag and toward home.

Down the tree scrambled the old man, faster than he had climbed up, and away he ran after his horse and wagon.

"Three cheers for our country, and three cheers for you, my star spangled banner!"

sang out the delighted child as she skipped back to her garden seat.

When Lillian with great glee told her father and mother how she had made the cross old man come down from the tree in a hurry, they



WHERE LILLIAN MADE HER FLAG

didn't say very much, for they feared he would in some way seek to revenge the little girl's brave action.

Only a few days later faithful Fido became

very sick, and the family doctor, who came to see him and who cared for him very tenderly, told the sorrowful children that he had been poisoned.

Fido did not get well, and in Lillian's grief, she was sure that the wicked old man had killed her pet dog.

"Anyway," exclaimed the youthful patriot, as the dog was carried from her sight, "Fido died a martyr to a great cause, and we will have a headstone for our dear playfellow, on which we will write, 'Fido. He died for his country.'"

Perhaps someone has guessed that the loyal qualities of the child Lillian are today to be seen in Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, who succeeded Frances E. Willard as President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

ROBIN GOOD AND ROBIN GAY

O'ER the lawn came Mother Robin,
Up since break of day,



ROBIN GOOD

With her bobtailed baby nestlings,
Robin Good and Robin Gay.

“Keep quite near,” said Mother Robin,
“Watch me use my wings;
While you’re little, robins, always
Come at once when mother sings.

“If I see that awful pussy
Near us any day,
I will scream and flutter wildly
While my birdies fly away.

“Don’t forget what mother tells you,
Robins Good and Gay,
If a naughty cat comes near us
You must quickly fly away.”

Pussy came—ah, sad the story!
Mother screamed her best!
Robin Good flew far to safety,
Robin Gay—you know the rest!

VETO



MRS. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS

and said, "Wave your little white-ribbon paw, Veto; wave your little paw!"

Veto tried hard to understand, and was eager to do his part. He was a happy little dog when at last he learned the new lesson and received the praise and rewards he richly deserved.



VETO

"Veto, we are going to sing now," Miss Willard would say. Veto would spring into a chair and sit, although his feet seemed to be almost

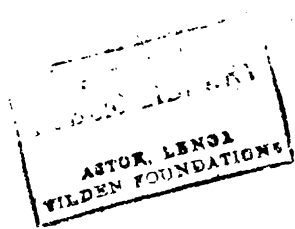
dancing while he waited for his part in the performance.

“Joined in God’s cause
Heart to heart, hand to hand,
We all belong, We all belong,
Each one a part of the *white-ribbon-band*”

Up came the white paw in a joyful little shake
almost in time to the music until we finished the
verse,

“We all belong, we belong.”

Dear little folk, won’t you always nod your
wise little heads and say “yes” to everything
pure and good and true, as faithfully as Veto
waved his “white-ribbon paw” at the right time
for Frances E. Willard?



IS IT FAIR

Many a feast from the cupboard's rich store
He had nibbled at night, but never before
Had he met with such a dreadful mishap,
For at last he was caught in the cook's new
trap.



He was sleek and handsome, the old gray rat,
Had no fear of anything, even a cat,
Terrified now, he dashed wildly about,
Though hunting in vain for a way to get out.

"I'm cruelly treated," the rat sadly thought,

"My gay squirrel cousins, they never are
caught;

Their food grows on trees, they never need
steal,

But I have seen cook give them many a meal.

My eyes are as bright, my coat is as fine,

Our mouths are alike where our tiny teeth
shine;

Would I be fed," thought the rat with a wail,

"If I could grow feathers upon my slim tail?"

SIR GIPSY

SIR GIPSY

SIR GIPSY is a large gray squirrel and he lives in the hollow of an old oak tree in Evanston, Illinois. All the big folk and the little folk are kind to the squirrels in Evanston, and there is a law to protect them from being injured or killed. Oh, but don't they have a happy time hunting for nuts, scampering about over the lawns and parks, or playing hide-and-seek in the tall trees by the roadside! Just think what it must mean to them not to be afraid of people, and, instead of running away for dear life when they see any one coming along, to come down from the trees and take the nuts offered to them from the hands of their boy and girl friends!

Sir Gipsy's home is not far from Rest Cottage, and one morning when I opened the front door, there on the porch sat the little rogue on his hind legs. He looked cunning enough, and I knew he was saying in squirrel language, "Please give me some nuts this morning."

I always keep a large dish full of nuts on hand in the dining-room, on purpose for the squirrels, and this time I invited Sir Gipsy into my office, which opens out of the dining-room. Very cautiously he crept in, a few steps at a time, looking about to see if there would be any peril in accepting my invitation. But he soon felt at home, and from that moment Sir Gipsy and I were the best of friends. He would come to see us every day.

He soon learned where the nut dish stood, and if we would leave the porch door open he would race back and forth between the table and the front lawn, tucking the nuts into the pouches of his cheeks and then hiding them in the little holes which he would dig out-of-doors. Some days he would take a notion to kick up a corner of a rug and hide a nut there, and several times I found the little hoarder briskly at work in the parlor storing his treasures away under all the different rugs.

When cold weather and snow came and the doors did not so frequently stand open, Sir Gipsy would jump upon the roof of the cottage early in the morning and come in at the upstairs bedroom windows. We would hear

his little pattering feet as he scampered about the rooms searching for something to eat. It was funny enough to watch him sitting on the footboard of the bed enjoying a breakfast of hickory nuts, his fore-feet, like dainty lit-



SIR GIPSY

tle hands, holding the nut, while his sharp teeth broke through the hard shell in a wonder-

fully short time. Pretty Sir Gipsy, in his soft gray suit, with his keen, bright eyes and his tiny ears that could hear so quickly the slightest sound!

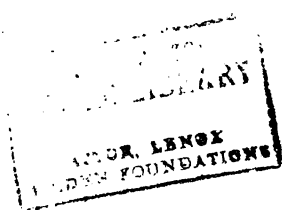
One Thanksgiving day we invited all the birds and squirrels in the neighborhood to take dinner at Rest Cottage. We put a feast of nuts and breadcrumbs on the front porch and watched from the window to see what would happen. Pretty soon two squirrels and three blue-jays arrived on the scene and I said to myself, "I am glad we have some crumbs for the birds as well as nuts for the squirrels, else those handsome blue-jays might feel disappointed."

To our great surprise the blue-jays began to carry off the nuts, and as they could fly much faster than the squirrels could run, we soon saw that Sir Gipsy and the friend he had brought with him would have no Thanksgiving dinner at all if we did not interfere. So I went out on the porch, knowing that the squirrels would come just the same if I were there and the blue-jays would keep at a safe distance.

What do you suppose happened next? The



REST COTTAGE, WHERE SIR GIPSY CAME TO THANKSGIVING DINNER



blue-jays are very quick-witted birds, and they took their station on the branch of a tree very near the porch, flirting their fine feathers about and looking as saucy and handsome as you please, with an air that said, "We'll see whether those squirrels are going to have all the nuts!"

Down the steps the squirrels would patter as fast as they could run, with the nuts in their mouths; quickly they would dig little holes in the lawn and tuck the nuts away for safe keeping; but the instant their backs were turned on the return trip to the porch for a fresh supply, down would sweep the blue-jays, and with one peck of their sharp bills, they would unearth the nuts, and off they would go to some distant hiding-place which probably the poor little squirrels could never find.

One could not help smiling to watch the proceedings of this Thanksgiving dinner. There certainly was not a great deal of politeness shown by the blue-jays, for they ought to have been content with the bread crumbs and seeds, which were their portion, and not have been so greedy with the nuts, which the dear

little squirrels quite understood were intended for them.

Once when a big blue-jay was hopping over the porch he took a peanut in his bill, this particular shell inclosing only one kernel, while just beyond him was a very large one with the usual two kernels inside. Mr. Blue-jay saw at once that he could carry off double the amount if he dropped the one already in his bill, so he tossed it to one side, caught up the large one in the very face and eyes of a squirrel, who also was trying to get it, and flew off with his prize.

Sir Gipsy sat on my shoulder one morning, and while I had him so near and could whisper into his little ear, I told him I loved him and that I knew half a million boys and girls belonging to the Loyal Temperance Legion who also would love him and be good to him if they only had the chance.

**TOM YATES AND THE
COASTERS**

TOM YATES AND THE COASTERS

"ONE-TWO-THREE-READY, boys!" shouted sturdy Roy Chester as he jumped on the long sled, after a good push which sent it spinning down the steep hill.

How fast they flew over the snow on the famous "double-runner!" Dick Manley held the steering ropes of the front sled, and with his feet firmly braced against the crossboard, he gave as close attention to guiding the sled as ever an engineer gave to his engine.

The foot of the hill was reached all too soon, and the youngsters, with cheeks glowing with their exercise in the frosty air, started up again for another coast.

"Say, boys, this is the day for the Loyal Temperance Legion meeting, and here I'd forgotten all about it. Come on, let's go," urged Tom Yates, as they trudged along pulling the sled.

"You don't catch me going when there's such good coasting as this," answered Roy.

"Go along yourself if you feel so good, but we'll stay out here, if you please, and have a good time."

"Yes," chimed in another, "what's the use of the meetings anyway? It's well enough for



MANLY TOM YATES

the girls to go, but we boys must have some fun."

Tom did not speak for a few minutes; then, turning to his comrades, he said in an earnest impetuous way:

"Boys, I'm going anyhow. In the first place, it's downright mean in us, when the ladies try so hard to make our meetings pleasant, and when they give their time every week, that we shouldn't be willing to give up our fun just one afternoon when we have all the rest of the week after school and all day Saturday to coast or do anything we want to. I am not ashamed to say that I have signed the pledge, and I like to go to the meetings to hear why strong drink is bad for our bodies, so that I can tell folks about it and get them to stop drinking, or get them never to begin."

"Oh, poor little Tommy!" said one of the boys, sneeringly. "Poor little Tommy, he never can smoke a cigaret nor drink a drop of cider. Poor little Tommy!"

Tom's face flushed with something that was not Jack Frost's touch, and for a moment he wanted to throw his friend down in the snow and give his face a good rubbing, but the better spirit soon triumphed and he replied:

"No, I never smoked a cigaret, and I never want to, either. I went to a cigar factory once with my mother and that was enough

for me. We saw little ragged boys bring in old cigar stumps that they had picked up in the hotels and on the streets, to be used over again. And then I saw them sprinkle liquor over the tobacco leaves that were to be made into cigars and cigarettes."

"Whew!" whistled Roy, "Are you telling the truth, old fellow? If you are, I guess I'll just make over to you these cigarettes I bought today," and pulling out half a dozen he handed them to Tom.

The boys had become so much interested in what was being said, that they had stopped half way up the hill and now stood clustered around manly Tom Yates, who took the cigarettes and stamping them under his feet, said to the boys:

"Now you all know just as well as I do how much harm all this liquor business does, and I should like to know who is going to help put it down twenty years from now if it isn't us boys and girls? I think we ought to go regularly to these meetings and learn how to do it. Let's all go this afternoon."

"Tom, you're right, and I'm going with

you," said Harry, who had just before spoken so sneeringly.

"So am I!" "So am I!" sang out the others; and turning the sled round, they coasted down the hill and with merry shouts were off in the direction of the meeting.

BUTTERFLY FLOWERS



The gardener says they
are only sweet peas,
With petals, not butter-
fly wings, in the
breeze:

But then he is busy, and
how can he be

So sure about things he has no time to see?

I tell you if I were a butterfly gay
I'd fly to the sweet peas each bright summer
day;

Choose a new pair of wings
when tired, you know,
Then back to the sunshiny
meadows I'd go.



COUNTING DICK

COUNTING DICK

FUNNY little Dick Sparrow had just learned to count twenty, and he counted everything from his playthings up to the people in church, until one Sunday his mother had to tell him that he simply must sit still.

"Do you think there are lots of twenty people here, mother?" he whispered, as he settled down to see if he could possibly understand what the minister was saying.

Richard Morton Sparrow was his real name, and he lived with his father and mother in Riverdale. He was just a mite of a chap. His eyes were bright and roguish and he was always brimming over with fun and mischief. Sparrow Dick his mother sometimes called him, for often he reminded her of a little brown sparrow in the quick way he would hop about all day long, never seeming to get tired.

Dick tried counting the first snow storm that came to Riverdale, but the white flakes whirled so fast through the air that the poor little fellow was ready to cry.

"Mother, you will have to come and help me," he called out from the window where he stood watching the white storm; "there are just thousands of twenties. Well, I will slide on them tomorrow if I cannot count them, and my jolly new sled will go whiz! won't it, mother? O mother, papa won't forget to bring it tonight, will he? He promised, you know, and it's to be a red one with gilt trimmings, and it's to have 'Rover' painted on the top of it. Will papa have enough dollar bills, mother? How many will it take? Has papa got a lot of dollar bills in the bank, like Willie's papa? Can I go and count them some day? Has he got twenty, mother?"

"What a chatterbox you are, little son, exclaimed Dick's mother as she caught the child in her arms and held him close. Then her face grew very sad as she said, "Your papa used to have many twenties of dollar bills in the bank, and he would have them today if there were no bad whisky nor beer in the world."

Dick sat still for once in his life. This was something he had never heard before.

"Mother," he cried, "won't papa have enough to buy my Rover? Could he forget his own

little Dick? O my sled, mother! I do want my new sled!" Dick flung his arms round his mother's neck and began to sob out his disappointment.



"Come, come," coaxed his mother, "chirp a little, like the hopping sparrow that you are. Don't cry, that is a good little man. Papa

will bring your sled, I think. Papa does love his Dicky boy."

The little fellow found it hard to wait for his father's return. He had made up his mind to be very brave for his mother's sake, for he was sure he had seen tears on her face when they had talked about the sled. At twilight papa came, but, sorrowful to say, there was no red Rover to delight little Dick. The child's lips quivered, but he choked back his sobs and made no complaint at the supper table as he watched his father with big wondering eyes. When Mr. Sparrow laid down the evening paper, Dick came quickly to his side.

"Papa, can I please count the dollar bills in your pocket? I can count up to twenty now."

Mr. Sparrow laughed heartily as he answered, "Sure enough, little chap. It would not take you long to count the money that is in papa's pocket tonight. There won't be any twenties this time. I am lucky if you find one, my boy."

"I shouldn't think you would laugh, papa, I'd—I'd—"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked his father as he put his arm lovingly round his little son.

The child's face was flushed and hot and in a moment he sobbed out:

"I'd love my little boy better than twenty glasses of beer or whisky if I were a big papa like you, and I'd save dollar bills and buy him a Rover-sled, and I wouldn't forget it when my little boy wanted it, oh, so much! Shall you always like whisky and beer better than you do your little Dick, and won't you ever put some more money in the bank that mother says you used to have?"

For a moment Mr. Sparrow looked at his wife as if he would like to say, "You must come and help me, mother." There was a struggle in his soul, but the victory came as he chased away the child's tears by saying:

"Little Dick, I am glad you have learned to count. You and I will start a bank together. I love you better than anything in all this big world. I will save my dollars and every time you can count twenty, we will put them into the bank for mother and my Sparrow-boy. Mother, where's that pledge you were talking about the other night; and tell me, mother, when did our little boy learn to count?"

WHAT THE OLD CLOCK
SAID



THE OLD WILLARD CLOCK

LEMOX
FOUNDATION

WHAT THE OLD CLOCK SAID

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Yes, my child, I'm a very old clock;
Funny enough, I never was small,
But always big, and straight, and tall.
Tick-tock.

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Yes, my child, I'm a handsome old clock,
Made in Boston, long, long ago—
Boston, Massachusetts, you know.
Tick-tock.

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Yes, my child, I'm an old Willard clock.
Simon Willard set me in place,
Fastened my hands before my face.
Tick-tock.

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Yes, my child, I'm a steady old clock.

Back and forth my pendulum swings,
Clear and true my hour-bell rings.

Tick-tock.

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Yes, my child, I'm a busy old clock.
I never sleep, and I never play,
But keep my hands going, night and day.

Tick-tock.

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Yes, my child, I'm a happy old clock.
In Frances Willard's study I stand—
A woman loved in every land.

Tick-tock.

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Listen, my child, to a wise old clock.
Always be punctual, diligent, too,
A total abstainer, kind and true.

Tick-tock.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE
STATUE



STATUE OF FRANCES E. WILLARD

WILSON, LENSX
FELDER FOUNDATIONS

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE STATUE

Two thousand boys and girls once passed in procession before the beautiful white statue of a woman greatly beloved. The statue had just been placed in the Hall of Fame of a great Capitol building. These children, carrying lilies of the valley and bright spring blossoms, paused before the gracious queenly figure that seemed to return their smiling glances, and each placed a tribute of fragrant flowers at her feet.

Reverently the children looked upon the kind and noble face of Frances E. Willard. They knew that she loved them and had even given her life to make homes happy, and safe from the curse of alcoholic drink. How her beautiful soul shone out from the white glistening marble! She seemed to be saying, "Tell everybody to be good."

Happy little Ernest in Hawthorne's wonderful story about "The Great Stone Face," gazed

day after day on the noble features carved by nature far up on the rugged mountain side, until there came on his face the same sweet, grand look. So shall many boys and girls grow to be more brave and helpful and loving because they have looked upon the face of the beautiful white statue.



